

ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Mr. Editor: I perceive, in the Central Advocate of the 1st ult., a communication purporting to come from "A Missouri Slaveholder," and a member of the M. E. Church, South, which, for malicious misrepresentation and gross falsehood, I have seldom seen equalled. And though it is to be doubted whether any such poltroon belongs to the Southern Church—or, indeed, if his identity could be made out anywhere but in the foul imagination of some fanatical abolitionist—I crave the privilege of talking to him a little, in his own strain. The style of my talk may not be as classic as Homer, nor yet as poetic, but it shall be as truthful and sincere.

"Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

MY DEAR BOSH-AND-SQUASH: As you have no name, neither to indicate your identity, nor to express your honesty, I elect to address you by the above euphonic term, which I take from the midst of your communication. It would seem to be Indian in its style—for it is terribly *savage*, and leads me to suppose you are of that race—perhaps a painted Mormon in disguise. But whether you are the one or the other, it is self-evident you are neither an honest man, nor a safe citizen, for both your beginning and ending are written in the characters of falsehood. You say you are "a Missouri slaveholder" and "a member of the Church, South." Now, dear "Bosh," you know that is not true in fact, and only exists in your morbid imagination. The Church, South, does not hold such rascals. Tell us, "Squash," did you ever see such a cowardly, sneaking, assassinating poltroon as you are in the ranks of the South? You know you never did, for the South does not tolerate such scamps. Hear what you say—

"I am not by any means satisfied with the actions of my Church, South, as they delight to be termed. Is our God confined to temples made with hands? Is he chiefly engaged in superintending the cotton farms South; and in spreading the heaven-born institution from Dan to Beersheba? and of re-opening the African slave trade for the good of cotton and the dear South?"

Now just look at that. Why "Bosh," if you were not of the character of that little animal which decent people delight to shun, they would throw sticks at you for blasphemy. Are you not both afraid and ashamed to talk thus in the sight of a sin-avenging God? But no, I think I hear you say, "I'm ashamed of nothing." But here's another, as bad as the first:

"But you say, 'We are neither against nor for slavery.' Hark from the toms! You do know what you say, preachers South? You do know that not a man or woman in the whole earth will or can believe you, if they would. You are pro-slavery, soul, body, and spirit, and you can't begin to deny it without first clearing your throats."

Now, "Squash," you know that to be a lie—as unmitigated, slanderous lie. Can you find a preacher who is what you say, "Pro-slavery, soul, body, and spirit"? You know you cannot, for such a thing does not exist. Why, how black and false your heart must be. Are you not afraid of what the Bible says of "all liars," &c? But listen again:

"Does not everybody know that those who own no slaves, or only two or three, throughout the South, are little thought of, and their condition is permanently fixed, as a general thing? Our Creator sends his dews and rains on both the just and unjust; and not to give us, millions of us, throughout the South and South-west, a single, solitary negro! We are at a loss to imagine the great design. Perhaps, the more valuable, the more estimable the gift of heaven, the fewer there be upon whom it is conferred. But no! Pardon, holiness, and heaven—the best of all God's gifts—is freely offered to all—nigger-holders and non-nigger-holders. How is it, then, that so many millions never were permitted even in the South, to taste the heaven-born manna?"

My dear "Bosh," don't be so severe upon yourself. It is enough that you should be "little thought of," without telling it. By the way, how did you come by those "niggers" which you pretend to own? By what well practiced fraud, or act of villany did you get possession of them? Why don't you sell them, as some others have done, and, with the avails in your pocket, go North and preach abolitionism? Perhaps they know you too well, "Squash," and won't receive you, but keep you as a kind of "stool pigeon" of evil in the South. Well, to tell the truth, you are just fit for such a service.

But what drives you against the editor so? What has he done?

"Mr. McAnally is a poor and blind guide for anybody, and he will lead you, my Southern brethren, if you permit him, into mazes and labyrinths infinitely worse than Jack-with-a-lantern ever lead a Virginia negro."

Why, "Bosh," that's malicious. But as alcohol is necessary, in cases of delirium tremens, to sustain life, so malice, and lying, and thieving seem all to be brought into requisition in your case, and yet, you'll die after all, if you are not hung. But as the editor is very able to take care of himself, I'll leave you in his hands, so far as he is concerned; and yet I caution you to take care, or he'll "lead you" where you will not like to go. "Squash," if he once gets his hands on you, there will not be a grease spot left; there may be a little smell of brimstone, perhaps, to tell the way the liar went, but that's all. Here's something about the Bishop—read it:

"Bishop Andrew, a worthy and a holy man, trust, may justly lay claim to all the renown, all the glory attached to the secession, and deserves to have a statue erected to his memory; not fifty cubits high, but one hundred and fifty, or his steady opposition to all attempts to restore harmony in the General Conference of 1844. That the good Bishop did prefer to rend the Church in twain rather than yield up for money or peace, his interest in four or five poor degraded African slaves, is well known. Whether his act of his will weigh as a feather at the bar of God, or as a mountain of iron, who can tell?"

Why, "Bosh-and-Squash," are you going to say Maman to this Mordred? That you de-

serve to be executed, there can be no doubt, and yet we should be sorry to see you receive your just deserts, without having proper time allowed you to repent. Your tirade about the good Bishop seems of a pair with the most villainous of 1844-5. Don't you know, "Bosh-and-Squash," that railing at Bishop Andrew has become stale years ago? Even detraction itself becomes disgusted and sickens at it now. Where have you been all this time, not to have discovered that. Have you been paying a visit to Rip Van Winkle, and Sleepy Hollow? Why don't you stay there? The spirits of the Catskill mountains would be the fittest companions for so vile an elf as you are. In conclusion, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't say you belong to the Church, South—nor that you are "not a fool"—for nobody will believe you.

Very faithfully yours, NIP AND TUCK.

Maxims of Washington.

The following maxims of Washington ought to be published in every newspaper in the land once a year:

Use no reproachful language against any one—neither curses nor revilings.

Be not too hasty to believe lying reports to the disparagement of any one.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration.

Associate yourself only with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable spirit; and in cases of passion admit reason to govern.

Use not base and frivolous things against grown and learned men; nor very difficult questions and subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in the time of mirth, nor at the table; nor of melancholy things, as death or wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse.

Break not a jest when none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not loud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

Speak not injurious words, either in jest or in earnest. Scoff at no one, though you may get occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous—the first to salute, hear, and answer—and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Keep to the fashions of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to time and place.

Go not hither when you know not whether you shall be welcome or not.

Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language; and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar.

Sublime matters treat seriously.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

ONE FORM OF PARENTAL NEGLECT.—There lives in a certain city a man who is a prominent church-member—his sons drunkards, and visitors of dens whose names we will not mention. How came this state of affairs? Years ago, we happened to be at that gentleman's house, and while there the father and older sons had an altercation about theaters and theater-going.

"You never taught us anything by your example," said one, "against the sins of which you complain. You take no religious periodicals or newspapers, and you never have. You have always had newspapers about the house full of puffs of theatres, grog shops, saloons, and all other places of amusement; and I never heard you say one word against those puffs, and you needn't blame us now if we want to enjoy ourselves a little."

There was pugnacity in the young man's remarks, and the pugnacity startled us more than the disrespectful tone indulged by him. We ask you, professing Christians, to take some religious paper or periodical. Your boy there will have something to read; that girl, too, will have something to interest and instruct, and if you fail to meet the wants of either, then look out for reprisals in coming years, that will make your ears tingle, and your heart throb in agony. In a measure, you can guide the mind of your child aright. You can provide him with untainted intellectual food. You can shut the door against intruders that will work ruin if once admitted, and heaven will hold you accountable for the way in which you do your work.—*Zion's Herald.*

ST. PAUL NOT A CLOSE COMMUNIONIST.—That St. Paul was not a close communionist will appear evident from the following: In 1 Cor. ii. 23, he says, "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread" &c. Now, if we can ascertain who he was addressing, and what characters were included in the pronoun you, we shall clearly discover how far he believed and practiced free communion; and he tells us, Phil. iii. 17, "Be ye followers of me—as ye have us for an example." Our close communion brethren tell us the above was addressed to the Church at Corinth, who were baptized. Hear his own testimony on that point, 1 Cor. i. 2: "Unto the Church which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours." In other words, to all praying persons, or all that worship Jesus Christ, or the same God that we do. If this is not conclusive, we know of no language that can be so.—*Morning Star.*

THE UNION OF THE SOUL AND THE BODY.—I cannot comprehend why any one who admits the union of the soul and the body, should pronounce it impossible for the human nature to be united to the divine, in a manner ineffable and incomprehensible to reason. Neither can I see any absurdity in admitting that sinful man may become regenerate or a new creature, by the grace of God reclaiming him from a carnal life to a spiritual life of virtue and holiness. And since the being governed by sense and appetite is contrary to the happiness and perfection of a trary to the happiness and perfection of a rational creature, I do not at all wonder that we are prescribed self-denial.—*Berkeley.*

PRAYER.—One hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with and conquest of a single passion or bosom sin, will conquer us more of thought, will more effectually teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.—*Celsidge.*

Influence Undying.

BY J. M. KIRKPATRICK.

'Twas night—with weary limbs I sought repose, And welcome sleep soon pressed my eyelids down. I slept and dream'd; and lo! I saw a youth Of eighteen summers, standing 'midst a group Of youths, of whom he seem'd the leader. While yet I looked, I heard a startling oath—A deep, blasphemous oath—break from the lips Of him—the leader. Then the winds took up The sound and bore it on their wings abroad. And lo! day after day the sound swept on, And as it wider spread it louder grew, Until the fearful sound, like crashing thunder, Reached e'en the ends of earth. Ages roll'd by, And all the circling years threw echoes back, And each swell'd louder than the one before. The lips of him who uttered first that oath, Long years ago had ceased to move—his name Was all forgotten as he ne'er had been; The worms had fed upon his flesh and died. And what was once the dwelling of a soul, Whose deeds were deathless as itself, was now An undistinguishable mass of earth. But the dark, damning influence of his life Was living still; and lengthening out, as long As e'en eternity, his dread account.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." 'Twas twilight's lovely hour—the hour when thoughts Of holy things come softly o'er the heart; Softly and sweetly as the breath of even, Sighing along the flower-bespangled vale. The parting day still lingered in the west, And shone in glowing grandeur on the sky; Glowing, yet mild, and full of loveliness, On which the eye looked, and the full heart read, In characters of light, th' Eternal Name.

'Twas at an hour like this, and lo! a child, Whose pure heart knew no guile, knelt down to pray, And near its side, unseen, a man of sin, Whose heart is steeped in all the guilt of earth, Listens; and while that childish voice ascends, Like sweetest music, to the throne of God, The thought of other days comes o'er that heart, Now black with sin; the days of innocence, When he, too, prayed. And while he looks he melts—Repentant tears roll from his fiery eyes; And there, beneath God's glorious sky, he kneels, And, with his streaming eyes upraised to heav'n, Implores the pardon of that God, whose ear Is ever open to the sinner's prayer. And now that hardened man lifts up his voice And shouts redeeming love. He lived to bear The cross in heathen lands, and tell the tale Of God's eternal love.

The child grew up To man's estate—grew old, and died; but still His influence lived; and that one prayer wrought on Ten thousand hearts, and still works on, and on, And long as earth its influence shall last, And e'en assist to swell the mighty shout Of "Glory to God," from the redeemed of earth. O God! if thus whatever we say and do, Lives and perpetuates, and we must give, For every influence, a strict account, Help us to "watch and pray."

FINE WRITING.—The Rhode Island Schoolmaster has a good article showing up the folly of that verbose style, so much affected by feeble writers, who mistake sound for sense. We transcribe the article, and give the story related in the fine style first, and the common style afterwards, and let our readers judge which is the most impressive:

Two adventurous lads, one named Jack, and the other Gill, ascended a steep acclivity, in obedience to the request of their dear mother, taking with them an important kitchen utensil, that they might bring from the pure fountain on the hill-top some of the sparkling water. But one of the lads had the misfortune to so far lose the control of his understanding as to precipitate headlong from the summit. Sad to relate, he fractured, in his fall, the parietal bone of his cranium. His affectionate brother was so overcome with fright at witnessing this sad catastrophe, that he also lost both his self-possession and his center of gravity, and went down with various revolutions, and bewildering circumvolutions, in great speed, even against the fence at the bottom of the hill.

THE SAME STORY.

"Jack and Gill went up the hill To draw a pail of water; Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tumbling after."

[A friend suggests that Gill was a girl, but of this we are in doubt. Perhaps some of our readers, who have determined how many children John Rogers, the martyr, had, can decide this question.]—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

WHAT FAME COSTS.—When Judson, the great pioneer of American Missions, was in this country, I chanced to meet him in New York one day, coming out of a densely crowded church, whither he had come to attend a Missionary Convention. Laying his hand on my shoulder, he said, "Do your shoulders ache?"

I replied in the negative. "Well, mine do. Every bone in my body aches. I have had my hands nearly shaken off to-day. It costs something to be the subject of needless attentions. I wish I was back in Burmah at my work. I cannot steal into the remotest corner without hearing—'There's Judson! there's Judson!' I am brought before the public when I do not wish to be; and," passing his hand over the back of his head, (he had but little hair,) shortly I shall have no hair left on my head."

We were still standing in the vestibule of the church, and looking about me for the cause of this somewhat singular remark, I beheld a crowd of ladies, the foremost one holding in one hand a pair of scissors, and in the other a lock of Judson's hair, which she had taken, it seems, without "leave or license." At this moment, Judson turned on me with a look I shall never forget, and added, with emphasis and deep emotion, "Yes, and these same people would let the cause of Missions die!"—*N. Y. Observer.*

When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument, the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some being crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back; they said it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said, in his deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back!" "It cannot be done," they shouted. "Gentlemen, stand back," said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible!" "Impossible!" repeated Webster; "impossible!" Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill! and the vast crowd swayed, and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

DUTIES.—Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.—*Flavel.*

The Daily Prayer-Meeting.

Report of the Central Committee, made August 31, 1858.

The Committee chosen by a large number of associated churches in St. Louis, on the 19th of May last, from thirteen different denominations of Christians, have attended to the duty to which they were appointed, and ask permission to present the following report:

One great and prominent object which occupied the minds of the Committee, and which seemed to call for the action, energy and sympathy of all true Christians, they have been obliged to leave almost entirely unaccomplished. This is: reaching the masses of the population of our city, with the Word of Truth and the means of grace.

The Committee were aware of the difficulties and obstacles attending the enterprise. They understood the giant power with which they would be called to grapple. They had seen, in the early part of the present year, an effort, intended to stop inebriation, and lessen the desecration of the Sabbath, voted down by an overwhelming majority. Satan threw open his three thousand dram shops on Sabbath morning, and tauntingly said to Christians, as they passed by to church, "Well, you got only two thousand votes to shut up my saloons on the Sabbath;" "only two thousand votes, with your four thousand Christian voters, and backed up by more than one thousand new converts." The Committee knew the might and power of the enemy, and saw that it could be overcome only by the most concentrated effort of a united Christianity, aided by the influx of Divine light and power. Nor did they, for a moment, suppose that this reign of darkness could be overthrown through their instrumentality, but they did hope that through the efficacy of tracts, and by visiting from house to house in their distribution, the vice of our city might have been crippled, and some immortal souls plucked as brands from the burning, to the honor and glory of God. They looked around among the churches for a ministry to the poor, and among all the wealth and grandeur which surround the private dwelling, and decorate the temple of God, they saw no ministry for the poor, no chapel for the disconsolate and world-forgotten sons and daughters of want and sorrow. Nothing which exhibited organized system; nothing that reached the homes of poverty and neglect; nothing which gave evidence of a living, vital energy in carrying the gospel, in all its redeeming power, to the homes of desolation, ignorance, and sin.

The Committee hoped to be instrumental in contributing something to meet this want which they found existing, more or less, throughout the length and breadth of our city; something by the distribution of tracts, and visiting from house to house, among this neglected class. But this could not be effected without funds; not a large amount, but funds for the purchase of the necessary tracts. These funds were withheld by the churches and religious bodies by whom the Committee were appointed, and from whom they expected to receive an amount sufficient at least to make the experiment. The Committee make no complaint of the neglect of the acting churches to furnish the small amount of necessary funds, but deeply regret that they were obliged to abandon the object so greatly to be desired, as reaching, with the means of salvation, the neglected, the ignorant, the destitute, found among the poorer classes in our city. They hear and read of the successful labors of Christians in other cities. They read reports like the following:

"CITY MISSIONS OF NEW YORK.—At a monthly meeting of the City Tract Society, held Monday evening, in the Union Theological Seminary, the following report, as the result of the past six months, was read:—28 missionaries and 1100 visitors have distributed 587,614 tracts, 585 Bibles, and 432 Testaments to the destitute; 1662 children have been gathered into Sabbath schools; 323 children into the day schools; 321 persons have been gathered into Bible class; 8,026 have been induced to attend church; 232 temperance pledges have been obtained; 1,359 religious meetings held; 60 backsliders reclaimed; 359 persons hopefully converted; 223 converts united with evangelical churches."

All this in six months, by the well directed efforts of a Union City Mission! Is it said that New York is a great city? True, it is some five or six times as large as St. Louis. We could not be expected to do as much as New York; but we ought to do as much in proportion. We have as much proportionate wealth—we have as much proportionate ability—we have as much proportionate Christian love and philanthropy. If New York maintains her 28 missionaries, we ought to maintain 5. If New York sends out her 1100 visitors, we ought to send out our 220; and we have a right to expect, with the blessing of God, the same proportionate results. If they have gathered in 1662 children to the Sabbath school, we should have gathered in 277; if they have, in six months, been instrumental in converting 359, we ought, by the same means, and among the same class, to have numbered our 60; and so in every department of improvement and reform. But, alas! what are the Christians in St. Louis doing in this great field of Samaritan labor!

The Committee had hoped to be able to devise some plan, which would, at least, be an entering wedge to some united movement which should eventually meet this want, and, in time, bring about a systematic and permanent co-operation among all the children of God, for the benefit and salvation of that class to which we have alluded. Nor can they forbear to hope that this grand object, a permanent and well organized system to reach the poor, the sinful and ungodly in our city, will yet meet with success. This association of Christian bodies may now stand

back from the work—this Union Committee may fail to effect this desirable object, but its accomplishment is the suggestion of the Great Head of the Church: "The poor ye have with you always, and whenever ye will ye may do them good." This sentiment, and its corresponding obligation, is responded to by all Christian hearts; and we have observed that whenever the clergy have attended the Union Meeting, and lifted up their voices in prayer, a portion of that prayer, and an earnest portion too, was almost always for the sinful poor, the neglected, the almost outcast population of our city. Will men pray and not act? Will godly ministers supplicate the throne of grace for the salvation of the sin-hardened and the ignorant, and not endeavor to arouse their hearers? not endeavor to stir up their churches to gird themselves to the work? Never! Your Committee still hope, and they feel that they have reason for this hope, that means will yet be devised to accomplish the great object which, in the outset, mainly occupied their minds.

Another important object, involved in the duties of your Committee, was the establishment of a Daily Union Prayer-Meeting. This has been maintained, with more or less success, for more than four months. On leaving the Library Hall, four of the central churches kindly offered the use of their houses, and the Committee voted to continue these daily meetings one month in each house, making the period of their continuance to close August 31st.

A union meeting for prayer is undoubtedly a means of diffusing into Christian hearts a common vitality—a vitality which declares itself not in Councils and Catechisms, but through worship and life. It is indeed that vital spirit by which the Church of God, out of many members, is made one body. In a union prayer-meeting we, for a time at least, lose our partisan character; we come together as God's children, as Christ's disciples, with common wants, common sympathies, and common hopes. And while we compromise no man's faith—while we seek to weaken no denominational interest, we do effect, we can not fail to effect, a union of hearts. This will be the result as surely "as kindred drops are mingled into one." This is indeed the burden of our Savior's supplication, when he said, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they all may be one in us." It is this spirit, which, kindled into poetic numbers, has given us these beautiful lines:

"O never more may differing judgments part, From kindly sympathy a brother's heart; But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel, And share with each the sacred joy they feel."

This spirit has, we trust, been felt in a good degree in our union meetings for prayer in this city; a spirit of union, not a shallow compromise, divesting Christianity of its deepest significance, for the sake of apparent union, but a real union of spirit, a real bond of Christian fellowship, deep and all-pervading. Those who have attended here, in spite of ritual and doctrinal diversities, have been baptized in the same spirit of love. It would indeed have been a cause of congratulation to us all, could we have felt around us, more clearly and fully, an atmosphere of strength and encouragement—of encouragement emanating from the churches and their pastors, by whom this Committee was constituted. It would have imparted, as we view cause and effect, a life and energy which nothing else could give. It would have brought increased numbers to receive the genial influences of Christian unity and love, and sent out among the impenitent and ungodly a deeper and more potent awakening power. It would have exhibited to the world the fact that Christians and Christian ministers are more anxious to make converts to holiness than to their sects; and thus it would have branded, as a falsehood, the slander so often thrown in our teeth by opposers to religion, that we are more desirous of favorable partisan results than we are of saving souls. It would thus, as we view religious action, have given efficacy to the union prayer-meeting, both among Christians and among the impenitent, if the meeting had been a little more frequently remembered in presence as well as in prayer—in works as well as in faith. We know, however, the various duties to which our brethren and sisters are pledged; we have felt the prostrating heat of the summer months; we are aware of the absence of a large number from the city in all our churches, and we utter no word of censure; and we sincerely hope it may be said of each one as of the woman who poured the ointment on the head of the Savior, "She hath done what she could."

Notwithstanding every adverse influence, we feel that our labor has not been in vain in the Lord. Another Union Meeting, for prayer, has grown out of this in the north part of the city, has been held weekly for nearly four months, and has met the cordial sympathy and strengthening power of the ministry and membership in that locality; and it affords us great pleasure, that the German population of that portion of our city, the churches and their pastors, have cordially united in this work of unity and love. They have opened their churches for the meetings, and the prayers which are offered, and the exhortations given out are, in part, in the language of their native land. The meetings in that section are still blessed with a large attendance, and numbered among the most efficient means for promoting the cause of holiness and salvation; and here, in the heart of the city, in this daily convocation of the children of God, several can look to the awakening interest first kindled here, as the call to leave the paths of sin for the light and liberty of the gospel of Christ. One, whose sainted spirit now, we trust, stands before the throne of God, many of us can remember as she rose for prayers in the earlier seasons of our labors in the Centenary church. And the remembrance, in her case, is accompanied with a thrill

of joy, that we can adopt the language of the poet:

"Yet again we hope to meet thee, When this life's short span is fled; Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed."

Others, recently entering the straight and narrow path, can bear testimony to the strengthening power and hallowing influence of the Prayer-Meeting, and can bless God that the place of daily prayer has been the place where they have daily found Jesus—where they have daily drawn the waters of life from the wells of salvation. It is true, our numbers have been less some portion of the time than we could have hoped; still, when we take into consideration the various obstacles presented, and especially at this season of the year, it has been as large as we had reason to expect. A gentleman, whose opinion is justly entitled to consideration, remarked a few days since, that there is no minister in this city (and he spoke with respect of their talents) who could command, with the same notice, as large a congregation daily for four months, as had attended the Union Prayer-Meeting.

With such results, the Committee come before you, to resign into your hands the trust which they have endeavored faithfully to perform.

Respectfully submitted, R. C. SROWE, Sec'y.

"To Him that Overcometh."

To him that overcometh, A life of toil and sin, Eternal rest is promised, A blissful rest within Those ever blessed mansions Where saints and angels roam, Where pain and sorrow And death can never come.

Then let us ne'er be weary While in the field of life, But each be up and doing, Prepared for toil and strife, Grateful for this assurance While on the stormy sea— That he who overcometh Shall more than conquer be.

Science Answering Simple Questions.

Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earth minerals.

Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves instead of decomposing it as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft? 1st. Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk. 2nd. Wood ashes converts some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throws them down as a sediment by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain-tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters washed from the roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.

How does blowing hot food make it cool? It causes the air which has been heated by food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their faces by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No, it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face; but it cools our face by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught through the key hole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore the air from the hall rushes through the keyhole into the room, and causes a draught.

Why is there always a strong draught under the door and through the crevices on each side? Because the cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of the warm air up the chimney, etc.

Why is there always a draught through the window crevices? Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of the warm air up the chimney, etc.

If you open the lower sash of a window there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this. If the lower sash be open, cold, external air will rush freely into the room and cause a great draught inward; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room will rush out, and, of course, there will be less draught inward.

By which means is a room better ventilated—by opening the upper or lower sash? A room is easier ventilated by opening the upper sash; because the hot, vitiated air, which always ascends toward the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled—by opening the upper or lower sash? A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash, because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does the wind dry damp linen? Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of the linen as fast as they are formed.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building? Because the air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows, keeps to the floor till it has become heated.—*Dr. Brewer's Guide to Science.*

DEATH AND LIFE.—As he cannot rise again the resurrection of the body, that doth not first die the death of the body, no more can he be born the birth of the soul, that doth not first die the death of sin. It is necessary that he which will be born twice should die once while he lives, and he that will once rise the resurrection of life should die twice. That I may live ever, I will die daily.—*Henshate.*

REASON AND SENSE.—The lower your senses are kept the better you may govern them. Appetites are commonly like two buckets, when one is at the top, the other is at the bottom. Now, of the two, I should rather the reason-bucket should be uppermost. The senses are some of them so mean they relish scarcely anything but what they beg for.—*Golden.*